



AS RETOLD FROM YOUR HORSE'S
PERSPECTIVE

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

by Morgan Taylor

**'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS, WHEN ALL
THROUGH THE BARN,
NOT A CREATURE WAS
STIRRING, IT WAS QUIET ON
THE FARM.**

**OUR STOCKINGS WERE HUNG
BY OUR STALLS WITH CARE,
IN HOPES THAT ST.
NICHOLAS, OR A HUMAN
WOULD SOON BE THERE**

OUR RIDERS WERE NESTLED ALL SNUG IN THEIR BEDS,
WHILE VISIONS OF BLUE RIBBONS DANCED IN THEIR
HEADS.

THE MARES DOWN THE AISLE THEY WERE WARM IN
THEIR RUGS, AND I WITH MY WINTER COAT WORE
ONLY A LIGHT WRAP,
AND, WE HAD ALL JUST SETTLED DOWN FOR A COLD
WINTER'S NAP.

WHEN OUT IN THE PASTURE THERE AROSE SUCH A
CLATTER,
I SCRAMBLED UP IN MY STALL TO SEE WHAT WAS THE
MATTER.

AWAY TO MY WINDOW I FLEW LIKE A FLASH,
I BUMPED OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND CAUSED A
SLIGHT CRASH.

THE MOON ON THE BREAST OF THE NEW FALLEN
SNOW
GAVE THE LUSTRE OF MID-DAY TO THE OBJECTS I
KNOW.

WHEN WHAT TO MY WONDERING EYES SHOULD
APPEAR

**BUT A MINIATURE SLEIGH AND EIGHT TINY REINDEER,
WITH A LITTLE OLD DRIVER, SO LIVELY AND QUICK,
I KNEW IN A MOMENT IT WASN'T OUR TRAINER, BUT IT
MUST BE ST. NICK.**

**MORE RAPID THAN THOROUGHBREDS HIS COURSERS
THEY CAME,
AND HE WHISTLED, AND SHOUTED, AND CALLED THEM
BY NAME;**

**NOW, DASHER! NOW DANCER! NOW, PRANCER AND
VIXEN!**

**ON COMET! ON CUPID! ON DONNER AND BLITZEN!
TO THE TOP OF THE HILL, TO THE TOP OF THE WALL!**

NOW DASH AWAY! DASH AWAY! DASH AWAY ALL!

**AS THE DRY LEAVES THAT BEFORE THE WILD
HURRICANE FLY,**

**WHEN THEY MEET AN OBSTACLE, MOUNT TO THE
SKY,**

**SO UP TO THE BARN TOP THOSE REINDEER FLEW,
THEY LOOKED AS GOOD AS ME ON MY BEST JUMP, I
KNEW!**

AND THEN IN A TWINKLING I HEARD ON THE ROOF,

THE PRANCING AND PAWING OF EACH LITTLE HOOF.
THE MARES THEY WERE STARTLED, THE GELDINGS
WERE TOO,
BUT I ASSURED THEM ALL, OUR PRAYERS HAD COME
TRUE!
AND THEN AROUND THE CORNER ST. NICHOLAS CAME
IN WITH HIS HOUND.
HE WAS DRESSED ALL IN FUR FROM HIS HEAD TO HIS
BOOT,
AND HIS CLOTHES WERE ALL COVERED IN SHAVINGS --
IT WAS TRULY A HOOT;
A BUNDLE OF GOODIES HE CARRIED THROUGH THE
MUCK,
AND HE LOOKED LIKE THE FARRIER JUST UNPACKING
HIS TRUCK.
HIS EYES -- HOW THEY TWINKLED! HIS DIMPLES HOW
MERRY!
HIS CHEEKS WERE LIKE APPLES, HIS NOSE LIKE A
CHERRY!
HIS DROLL LITTLE MOUTH WAS DRAWN UP LIKE A
SNAFFLE RING BIT,
AND HIS BEARD, WELL IT DIDN'T QUITE FIT.

A STUMP OF A CARROT HE HELD TIGHT IN HIS TEETH,
AND THE MOONLIGHT ENCIRCLED HIS HEAD LIKE A
WREATH.

HE HAD A BROAD FACE AND A LITTLE ROUND BELLY
THAT SHOOK WHEN HE LAUGHED LIKE A BOWL FULL
OF JELLY.

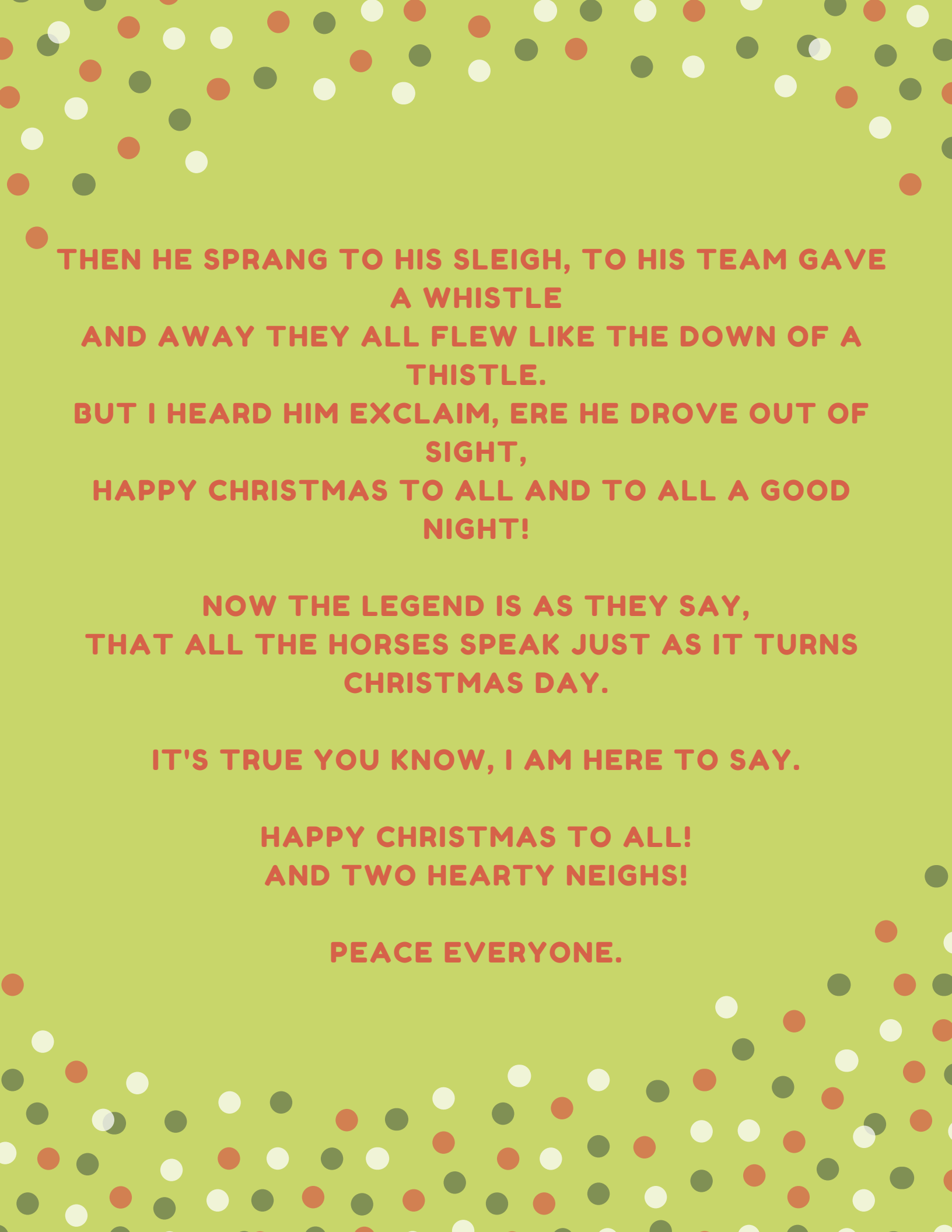
HE WAS CHUBBY AND PLUMP, A RIGHT JOLLY OLD ELF,
AND I NEIGHED WHEN I SAW HIM IN SPITE OF MYSELF;
A WINK OF HIS EYE AND A TWIST OF HIS HEAD,
SOON GAVE ME TO KNOW I HAD NOTHING TO DREAD;
HE SPOKE NOT A WORD, BUT WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS
WORK,

AND FILLED ALL OUR STOCKINGS, THEN TURNED WITH
A JERK,

AND LAYING HIS FINGER ASIDE OF HIS NOSE,
AND GIVING A NOD, BY THE BARN DOOR HE STRUCK A
BRIEF POSE.

THEN HE SPRANG TO HIS SLEIGH, TO HIS TEAM GAVE
A WHISTLE

AND AWAY THEY ALL FLEW LIKE THE DOWN OF A
THISTLE.



**THEN HE SPRANG TO HIS SLEIGH, TO HIS TEAM GAVE
A WHISTLE
AND AWAY THEY ALL FLEW LIKE THE DOWN OF A
THISTLE.
BUT I HEARD HIM EXCLAIM, ERE HE DROVE OUT OF
SIGHT,
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD
NIGHT!**

**NOW THE LEGEND IS AS THEY SAY,
THAT ALL THE HORSES SPEAK JUST AS IT TURNS
CHRISTMAS DAY.**

IT'S TRUE YOU KNOW, I AM HERE TO SAY.

**HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!
AND TWO HEARTY NEIGHS!**

PEACE EVERYONE.